ROMANCE OF A NEW YORK GIRL'S FIERCE BATTLE AGAINST "MAN-MADE RULES"

By Maravene Thompson

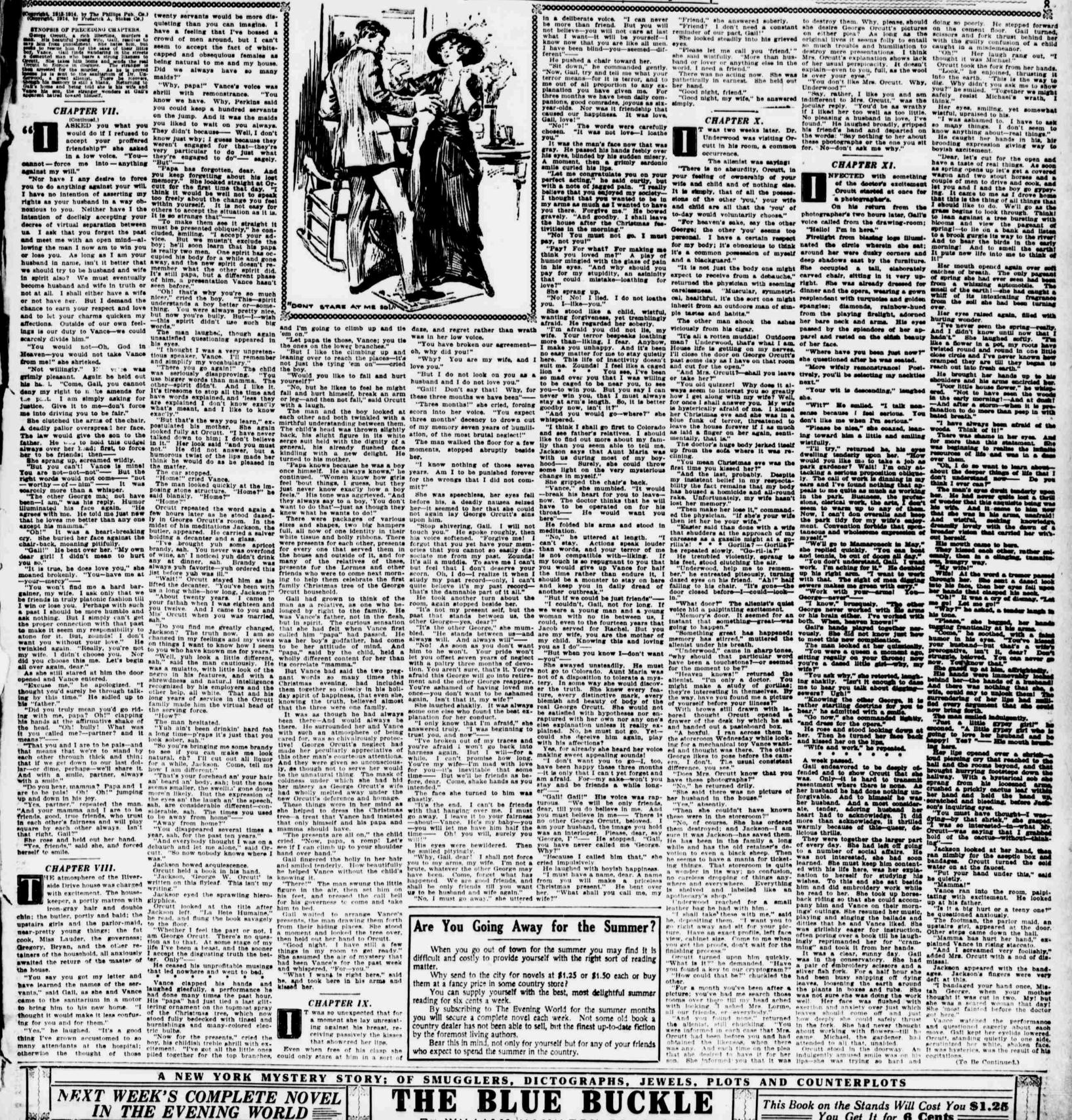
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Expected in the control of the contr

CHAPTER VII.

pright, 1818-1914, by The Phillips Pub. Co.) twenty servants would be more disquieting than you can imagine. I have a feeling that I've bossed a

Gail's shrill with remonstrance. "You know we have. Why, Perkins said you could keep a hundred servants on the jump. And it was the maids ASKED you what you you liked to wait on you always. would do if I refused to They didn't because - Well, I don't would do if I refused to accept your proffered know just why; I guess because they weren't engaged for that—they're very particular to do just what in a low voice. "You— they're engaged to do"— sagely. in a low voice. "But"—
-force me into—anything "But"—
"Papa has forgotten, dear. And

IN THE EVENING WORLD



"Sit down," he commanded gently.

"Now, Gail, try and tell me what your terror means—for it is terror, and to pathetically in earnest. She held out planation you have given me. For three months we have been daily commanded a chair toward for it is the world. I need a friend."

There was no acting now. She was pathetically in earnest. She held out the months we have been daily com"Good night, friend."

"Good night, my wife," he answered panions, good comrades, joyous as six-year-olds. Nor was it friendship that caused our happiness. It was love, Gall, love!"

"No!" The words were carefully chosen. "It was not love—I loathe It was the man's face now that was

in a deliberate voice. "I can never be more than friend. But you will not cars at last not believe—you will not cars at last what I want—it will be yourself—I know now that you are like all men. I have been blind—you—seemed—different"—

I have been blind—you—seemed—different"—

He pushed a chair toward her. "Sit down," he commanded gently. "Now, Gail, try and tell me what your "There was no acting now. She was "You don't like Mrs. Orcutt. Why, please, should doing so poorly. He stepped forward on either piea? As long as the scissors and fork thrust behind her original lives it seems folly to entail so much trouble and humiliation to destroy mere presentations. I think hand or lover or anything else in the world. I need a friend."

"There was no acting now. She was sover your eyes."

"You don't like Mrs. Orcutt. Why, please, should doing so poorly. He stepped forward on either piea? As long as the scissors and fork thrust behind her with the guilty confusion of a child carry mere presentations. I think hand or lover or anything else in the world. I need a friend."

"There was no acting now. She was it over your eyes."

"You don't like Mrs. Orcutt. Why, dign."

There was no acting now. She was pathetically in earnest. She held out her hand.

"Good night, friend."

"Good night, my wife," he answered simply.

"CHAPTER X.

"Say, rather, I like you and am indifferent to Mrs. Orcutt," was the tinik."

"Say, rather, I like you and am safely resist Michael's wrath, I tink."

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"Say, rather, I like you and am safely resist Michael's wrath, I tink."

I liked her too well as too little.

No pleasing a busband in love, I've found." He laughed broadly, gripped to his friend's hand and departed on the words: "Say nothing to her about these photographs or the one you sit broading expression giving way to boyish excitement.

explain—even to you, full, as the wool into the earth. "This is the way to into the earth. "This is the way to "You don't like Mrs. Orcutt. Why, dig. Why didn't you ask me to show you?" he smiled. "Together we might

"Dear, let's cut for the open and CHAPTER XI.

NFECTED with something of the doctor's excitement Orout started at once for a photographer's.

On his return from the photographer's two hours later, Call's voice called from the drawing-room; "Heliof I'm in hera."

Firelight from blasing logs liluminated the circle wherein she sat; morning! And to smell the earth! have a taste of real things. As so

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